

Cleveland, Oct. 19, 1847.

My Dear Wife:

I am going to try to write you a few lines, "with my own hand," as Paul says; but whether I shall succeed, or not, is at least problematical. My hand is unsteady, and I am too weak, as yet, to make an effort of any kind without considerable difficulty.

The arrival in Cleveland of dear H. C. Wright took me almost as much by surprise, as if he had descended from the clouds. Of course, I was very deeply affected by his presence; but though my heart leaped to see him, I almost felt to regret that a few dear friends had taxed themselves to defray the expenses of his long journey from Boston to this city. But it is another instance of their unbounded kindness to me, and it presses upon my heart somewhat heavily. I am so glad that you did not come with him, much as I yearn to see you; for, under all the circumstances, it would have been not only a useless and expensive, but a very imprudent act. Indeed, at no stage of my illness did I deem it all advisable to send for you. I am specially glad, therefore, that you deemed it not best to come at this late period, during my convalescence. — But my heart's overflowing gratitude to those generous friends, who offered to defray all the expenses of your journey!

On another account, nothing could have been more opportune than the journey of H. C. W. at this time. The great National Liberty Party Convention will meet at Buffalo to-



morrow and next day, and the occasion will doubtless be one of tremendous interest and excitement. There will, I think, be a complete blow-up of the party. In order that we may have a correct report of its proceedings, and "gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost," I have urged Henry, (as there is really nothing for him to do here,) to go to Buffalo, and there watch the Convention as a cat ~~do~~ does a mouse, allowing nothing to escape, and putting down in his note-book, every thing worth <sup>recording</sup> ~~putting on record~~. Disliking to part from me, he at first hesitated; but, seeing the importance of having that body looked after, he consented to go, and accordingly took the steamer this forenoon for Buffalo, (accompanied by Saml. Brooke, who is also going on to Boston,) where he will remain until my arrival at B., which I trust will be in all this week.

You will be glad to hear that I rode out yesterday, and enjoyed the ride, and also to-day with benefit. I am now only waiting for the arrival of S. S. Foster, who expects to be here on Thursday, when, if the weather be fair, we shall <sup>leave</sup> on Friday for Buffalo. In the course of a fortnight from this date, I hope to embrace you and the children in my arms.

I have lost twenty pounds of flesh by my illness, and am quite thin and weak. This effort has been most exhausting to me. I must stop. Best regards to all.

Your weary but loving husband,

Wm Lloyd Garrison.



P. S. I have received a long, sympathetic and loving letter from brother Genge at Northampton, in which he gave me the glad intelligence that dear sister Sarah's health is very much better, and that in a few days she would go with him to Boston, and remain with us during the winter! How I long to see her!

V<sup>3</sup> Let no more letters be addressed to me at this place. I shall be gone before their arrival.





Helen C. Garrison,  
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